Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XV. **Philadelphia, December 3, 1836.** **Whole No. 801.**

FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS.

REAL CHARMS.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

"I'm not alone de charms we prize
Or admiration call,
"I'm gentle beauty's eyes
Or fascinations at her face,
Age or disease may ruin the eye,
And bid the loveliest graces fly.

"I'm cheek of Tyrean red
Or coral lip of love,
"I'm not a likeness faded,
Or form so bright as those above,
That captivate with lasting power,
Tho' those are the admiration of the hour.

The cultured mind, the virtuous heart,
Have pow'r to charm alone,
These fastened chasms must last and last,
As hurl'd from Heaven's dazzling throne,
When eyes must fade, and forms decay
The mind will hold its sovereign sway.

The Heavenly smile, the glance of love
May touch the heart refined,
But when they meet their influence prove,
They are reflected from the mind.
They are the sunlight of the soul,
And o'er one's heart must hold control.

Thus intellectual beauty wields
A weapon all her own,
The mightiest monarch bows and yields
Himself a subject to the throne,
Her sceptre is the might of mind,
Her willing subjects all mankind.

Not all the emperors of earth
Have won such beautiful fame,
Nor all the minerals mind from birth,
And bade that infant mind chew
Such wonders as the mind can do.

SISTER! SINCE I MET THEE LAST.

Sister! sister! can't be last
Of her that now a change hath past'd,
In the softness of thine eyes
Dear soul of all, a shade is there,
From thy voice there thrills a tone
Never to the childhood known;
Through the soul a music flows unwind,—
Gentle sister! thou hast loved!

Yes! thy varying cheek hath caught
Hours too bright from troubled thought;
For since last we met, thou art
Thou art followed by a dream;
In the woods and valleys lone,
Whose haunts are sacred to thee even,
Wherefore fall thy tears like rain!—
Sister! thou hast loved in vain!

Tell me not of love, my sister!
On my bosom pour that shower!—
Tell me not of hard thoughts wasted,
To a heart all cold and dead,
Bring not forth one burning word,
Let thy lover no more be wrin'd!
Home alone with thee and me,—
Weep, sweet sister, on my breast!

From the National Atlas.

"Discretion the better part of Valor."

During the war of the revolution many incidents connected with the military service occurred, which, though not of sufficient importance to find a place in the page of history, are yet remembered with pleasing sensations by the actors themselves or those with whom yet survive, to 'shoulder their crutch and show how fields were won.'

The following transaction, so perfectly unique in its character, may be numbered among others which may be considered or not wholly void of interest.

In the summer and autumn of 1776, a part of Washington's army was encamped on the heights of Chester, while the American troops were stationed at Marcus Hook, Wilmington, &c. Every movement from the two hostile armies was about two miles in width. In the course of the summer and autumn of other, so as to prevent any surprise, the commanding officers on both sides adopted similar methods of precaution. Numerous parties of scouts were constantly on the alert, and frequently met each other in close combat. These parties served as a sort of *low-native vedettes* to reconnoitre, and give alarm in case of approaching danger.

It happened about sunrise on a certain morning after a dark and cloudy night, that a sergeant and six privates of the cavalry belonging to the royal army, who had been detached from the main body, and while advancing on two several roads converging to a point, met each other in the centre of a wood. Neither party had discovered the other till they were within *point blank* pistol shot of each other. Both, however, instantly halted, and after a few moments of breathless silence ensued—it was a moment of fearful interest—the British Sergeant addressing the American, said, "why don't you charge us your fire sir?" The American Sergeant replied, "I am waiting for you sir." "Then charge and be damned," said the former sergeant, and at their utmost speed they rushed upon each other. The three Americans had the advantage would be thrown into the power of the party which should reserve its fire till it had received that of the enemy. After four minutes of wavering each other's faces for several minutes, and seeing no prospect of having any advantage on either side, a parley was proposed by one side (not now remembered which) and accepted by the other. The privates were ordered to dismount, and the British Sergeant dismounting, advanced, leading his horse and the American on half way ground, where a dialogue, in substance as follows, took place between them.

"We have met here," said one to the other wholly unexpectedly. We are equal in numbers, and in advantage of ground—we are also equally well armed and prepared for action. The question now is, what is honorable for us to do as soldiers, fulfilled to the utmost of our power our duty, it would be idle for either of us to demand of the other an unconditional surrender as prisoners of war, and unnecessarily sacrificing the blood of either to comply with such a demand, if made.

I trust neither of us will attempt a cowardly retreat from the other, without a conflict. I trust your reply. After a few moments consideration the other replied, "You have spoken like a man, and gladly stated the very extraordinary condition into which we have been accidentally thrown. We can fight and destroy the lives of part or all of our men as well as of ourselves—and if the issue of the great cause in which we are engaged depended wholly on us as champions, it would be not only our duty but it would be honorable to our profession as soldiers, cheerfully to sacrifice our lives to the love of country. But circumstances as we are, a victory of one side or the other, with the entire death of every man here would be as a drop of water to the ocean, in relation to the controversy in which your nation and mine are so unhappily involved. In that event some perhaps might say, they fought and died gallantly, honorably, and for true patriots, but without the least possible benefit to the cause of their country. While others with tears of the heart of pity would say, they unfortunately possessing more correct ideas of the value of human life, might, if they had lived, have been of more *permanent* service. With these views of our present possible situation, I have to propose, that we with our men walk together to yonder house, which is in sight, and call for a little refreshment, as I presume after a long night's patrolling we must all have also much better prepared for breakfast than we were when we set off this fighting concern to commence. To put off this fighting concern to another day, under the circumstances in which we may either fight, or murder, or rather more grace than we can now do either." This proposition was promptly agreed to. The British Sergeant ordered his men to dismount out of complaisance to the gentleman, and they all walked together to the house mentioned, where they called for and in good fellowship partook of such refreshment as the house afforded; after which they bade each other good morning, returned to their respective head quarters and reported their advice to the officer of the day. The American Sergeant apprehending his conduct in this transaction might by some be considered as not consistent with the strict rules of good soldiership, requested the host to make no mention of what had taken place in the house where they walked out, and, as far as the writer, who at that time and place was a soldier in a regiment of American cavalry can remember, all the officers approved of the Sergeant's conduct, and many highly applauded it.

SEVENTY-SIX.

From the Court Magazine.

THE FOREST TRACK.

A FACT. PART I.

The Mayor of D——, seated by a blazing fire, enjoying the recreation of his pipe and a bottle of beer, in company with the Forest-keeper, who occupied the other side of his hearth, was like attitude and pastime. The room in which they sate was a kitchen, but the best kitchen of the part of the ground floor at the *Manoir*; and, the church only excepted, the Manoir itself was the building of most importance in the village of D——. Probably in former times, this house had belonged to one of the old families of the "noblesse de province"—both its wings had been destroyed since the Revolution, but its centre, merely of the centre of the original building, but much the more handsome half, the loss of its supporters, as well as for a partial decay of interior and wood-work that had followed the days of its prosperity. A space which in all likelihood was once occupied by the lawn, pleasure-ground, and flowers and avenue of the chateau, now separated from the relics, had been turned into the garden of the tenement, and made the site of kennels and mean looking sheds; one small court alone remaining, the double door into a kitchen garden, which was otherwise would have been more suitable for the Mayor's modern residence, than for the old manor building, with its large panel windows and nearly lungless Venetian blinds, which, in every day of pretensions it was no longer in a state to support.

Round this court had been built a wall at much later date; a porch also in front of the house, had been added, of which nothing remained but the pillars, which appeared in large letters, which as well as the tri-color flag above the iron "grille," announced the office of the post in a nation.

The Mairie was situated at the extremity of the village of D——, which, lying towards the German frontier of France, as it was, was not unfrequently to be known beyond its own neighborhood. On one side, the Mairie looked to the street, in the sense of the pleasantest of that is lane that ran behind the high road, leading to the plantations in the direction of Nancy, and after a certain extent, branching off on the way to a little village, rather more than a league distant from the village, skirted the forest of —— on which direction it was confined by the course of a narrow rivulet, which, with its trees and bushes, and following the boundary of the wood. The increasing traffic of the village and the new lamplet rendered this road a thoroughfare of constant resort. By some of the peasants, however, who were in the habit of passing to and fro, a shorter cut had been made across the forest track, which, although greater shelter from the severity of the elements, as well as abridging both time and distance, had now, like other used ways, become a regular, though less frequented track. For which advantage occurring to the Mayor from the situation of his house, may be understood by the recapitulation of the first. The first, that by its vicinity he was debarred from the north-west wind—the second, that to the convenient communication with the above mentioned lane, he was indebted for the more speedy arrival of his letters, and the still greater novelties, which on their way from the "Mesaine" of the customer of the tobacco, the farmer Bourgeois, and retailer of live stock and vegetables, were always presented for his inspection prior to their entry into the village.

The Mayor, from whose fireside a considerable increase of income to the post had led to their appointment of the present functionary to that office in the year 1832. Of an honest and considerate character, the strictness with which he attended to his duty was so balanced in the minds of the people, by his benevolence and sociability, that the most extreme extent of the *whole circumstances*. Left a widower with one daughter, now between 16 and 17 years of age, these two made their home happy and united, and were deservedly esteemed for kind and affection, as for their attachment to the cause of their country.

It happened that on the present afternoon, between the hours of 3 and 4, the Mayor, who had had occasion to send to the neighboring hamlet the sum of 1200 francs. The money in gold and silver, in the form of a leather bag, the size of which he was stating, it was to be conveyed to its destination by his daughter Lucie, who, at the end of that same time to attend the "fete" of one of her cousins; and which, as it was to be the first visit of Mlle. Felicie Nicot was considered, and indeed deservedly, by the Mayor, as an event of more than any one else, and was in the habit of performing, with great accuracy, services of that kind, not unfrequently required by a person, such like the Mayor, was apt to be entrusted with money, and other portable commissions.

The Mayor of D—— enjoyed a sort of celebrity in by the look produced on the face of

"Care on all public occasions, which shows the undue influence of Madame over the clients of her husband, and which has probably maintained between himself and the Forest-keeper, they now sate together in friendship and smoking by the fire,—something in the individuals betrayed that they were not engaged in the affair of the day. Felicie Nicot was considered, and indeed deservedly, by many as a pretty girl, and by others as a handsome girl, and by others as a fine girl, and by others as a good girl, and by others as a fine girl, and by others as a good girl, and by others as a fine girl, and by others as a good

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DECEMBER 6, 1856.

THE SHIP HISTORIC.

The following further particulars of the loss of that ship, and the melancholy fate of most of the passengers, are copied from the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser:—

After a prosperous voyage, the Bristol made the Highland lights, bearing N. N. W. 8th quarter before eight o'clock on the evening of the 18th ult. and at half past ten she was rounded to, with lights hoisted for a pilot. At one o'clock Capt. McKown ordered the ship brought in the wind, then bearing from from the south west, and stood off under short reefed topsails, hailing a fore and main sparker and jib. At a quarter before four in Monday morning, she struck hard on Rockaway Shoals, five miles west of the Fairmilles, it being entirely dark and thick. The shock was not light, that it occasioned but little alarm on board. The wind now gradually increasing till it blew a gale, and the sea was rising violently over the vessel, introduced advised the passengers to go below, as a place of the most safety. About an hour afterward a tremendous wave struck her, carrying away bulwarks and every thing moveable from the decks, carrying away the lanthorn which had been secured above, and in an instant filling the ship with water. Of eighty-two steerage passengers, who were all below at the time, scarce a number of them, and these were close to the hatchways, had time to reach the deck; the rest all perished, without a moan from them being heard. The survivors lashed themselves to the rigging, and remained around the mast, and every spot which afforded them a shelter from the rain and sea. At daylight the steamer was seen at a distance, and in hopes that the ship would be easier, and at least hold together till some aid could reach them, preparations could be saved.

From the shore, about a quarter of a mile distant, the wreck had been seen at break of day, but the surf ran too high to afford her any assistance. Toward noon, it being low water, the surf had materially subsided, and a boat, manned by four men, put off from the beach, and succeeded in reaching the ship. This boat was able to make the trip twice, and brought relief to those all the females and children that were there. The surf then again became so high, that no further assistance could be rendered the following midnight. In the meantime the ship broke in two, and shortly after, the foremast went by the board, carrying with it Mr. Donnelly and the two Masons, Carlton, and number of others who were lashed to it. Mr. Burtsall had also secured himself to the mizzen rigging, and of the bob-stays as he was falling, and by that reached the bowsprit, from which he was rescued by the boat. The mizen mast was shortly after carried away; but these who were clinging to it, lost time, as best they could. The wreck retires to the fatal, where, with those lashed to the weather quarter, they remained till relieved —the sea all the while breaking over them.

On shore all supposed that not a soul remained alive on the wreck, broken up as it was. Some faint sounds of cries of distress, however, occasionally reached them through the before rage of the storm, and at midnight, the surf having again subsided, the boatmen, Asaacs-sisters of the ship, from which, in three or four trips, she brought on shore all who now live to tell this sad story of disaster.

Capt. McKown was the last to leave the wreck. He had been carried by the boatmen to go on shore before, but resolutely refused. He is now ill from fatigue and exposure, at the house of the wreck-master, about seven miles from the scene of his misfortune. He has saved nothing, not even the ship's papers, and speaks of them with only his vest and pantaloons. Mr. Donnelly had been urged to leave the vessel in the first boat, but declined taking the room of any of the females.

For seven miles the beach was strewed with fragments of the wreck. Last night about twenty bodies had drifted ashore, which had been interred by order of the Coroner, who remained in the vicinity. In the pockets of one of them, an early sovereign were found and are now in possession of the Coroner. We would, however, it were in our power, to add that the property of others was also respected. From the great length of the beach on which the bodies are washed, it is impossible to keep any guard, and consequently if the corpses are immediately stripped of every thing valuable about them. The beach is filled with wagons coming from a distance of twenty or thirty miles, and the people who came in them, are watching the coroner with the best prey. Our reporter, in riding along, saw a body come ashore, and the first thing he saw after these harpies place their hands, were the pockets.

It is but justice to add, that notwithstanding the sufferings of the surviving passengers, the first steamer of Capt. McKown's humane and intrepid exertions to have them taken to Boston, in the highest terms possible; implying to him no blame whatever for the loss of the vessel.

The Journal of Commerce says that one of the survivors of the unfortunate wreck of the Bristol was brought to the city house, and the earth dam has any person been placed in a situation so pitiable or more calculated to excite sympathy. He is a man about forty years of age, and entirely deaf and dumb. Free and liberal collections have been made in his superior manner of expressing himself by signs, as a native of England, and was coming to this country to join his parents by several friends and relatives, all of whom have perished. He had about fifteen pounds and three or four dollars in his pocket, and with but this scanty provision in his hand, and none to have been cut of from him, and he has been thrown on a foreign land, without the use of expressing his wants or wishes, or in any way assisting himself.—He will, however, be taken good care of at the Alms house, and sent type to his own country.

It would appear by the following publication, which we find in the Wheeling Gazette of the 21st ult. that the Sea Serpent had been turned up in Illinois at Nahant, and is now on a visit in the Mississippi

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.

Mr. Editor.—About a fortnight ago, as the Mogul steamer, bound from New Orleans to St. Louis, was approaching up the Mississippi, and had arrived in that part of the river directly opposite to the cliffs of Selene, an immense sea serpent was observed, at the distance of a quarter of a league, by several of the passengers, to direct its course towards the vessel with all that awkwardness of motion peculiar to large unwieldy bodies, lifting at times a large portion of its enormous body above the surface of the water, and dashing, as it were, of large bulk, its monstrous way around and ascertaining the immediate cause of the agitation of its watery dominion.

As the vessel approached, straightway the lengthy monster of the deep began to distort its hideous and misshapen body into a variety of the most fantastic gyrations, one time, during, ingeniously forward its voluminous folds in a direct line towards the vessel with an undeviating motion, which excited in the minds of the female passengers, in particular, serious apprehensions for their immediate safety; at another, submerging its head and the interior parts of its spacious body in the surrounding element, and then lashing it with inconceivable fury into a broad and foaming sheet of circumambient water. The captain, who happened to be a passenger on board, assured me that its length could not have been from seventy-five to eighty feet, and that the circumference of its body, which, in bulk, resembled that of an ordinary sized two-story house at the nearest less than from five to six feet at least. Alarm to a considerable extent prevailed the minds of many on board, lest in the event of its approach, it might drag its unwieldy folds across the boat, and thereby unfortunately consign all on board to a watery grave. The man at the helm was forthwith ordered to tack it without delay, and steer as wide of it as circumstances and the safety of the vessel would permit; while the carpenter and some others of the boat's crew were ordered to get in immediate readiness, with axes and other instruments of destruction, in order to be ready at the master's body, in case it should come unfortunately in contact with the vessel. Most happily, however, for the safety of all, such necessity existed. At length, when the unwieldly animal, after repeated efforts, found itself completely, by means of its enormous length, of overlooking the boat entirely, it appeared to my mind a perfect all the frightful agony of maddening consternation, despair, writhing and distorting it sometimes both its head and tail in the most marvellous and intricate convolutions, and tearing itself again into the unlimited sons of and stately pillar, at which time its resplendent eyes, radiant as the rainbow, and beautifully diversified with alternate stripes of green and gold, and of every variegated color, would, by varying with every change of light, reflected a gleam of inconceivable lustre and beauty in the eyes of the surrounding sea. The monster, on being the aid of a small telescope, was enabled to take an accurate observation of its body, and of its head, in particular, which, he remarks, from its extraordinary magnitude, the enormous elongation of its jaws, denoted the monster's uncommon capability of swallowing bodies to no ordinary dimensions. As the vessel gradually neared away, leaving the aquatic monster of the deep immeasurably behind—which, for the last time soon by the passengers, appeared to be stationary, with its head reared and in the attitude of a colossal arch, its head and tail appearing in the distance, to rest only upon the waters. It better than to attribute to extraordinary agency, and apparently ferocious in its nature, is, according to the classification of fishes by Linnæus, to be ranked among the larger species of sea serpents, or not. I leave to others, at present, better acquainted with the subject to determine.

Dahlias.—Has any of our readers been able to raise a fight blue dahlia? That is the horticultural prize most sought after. Dwarfishness, we believe, said it never could be found.—*Edinburgh paper.*

Saturday Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 6, 1856.

To Correspondents.

"Theophilus" has misapprehended our meaning. Her communication shall appear as soon as possible, and we will be pleased to hear from her again.

"A Sketch from Real Life" does not possess sufficient interest for publication. The style is correct, and we advise the author to try again.

"G." will find his article in our columns.

"Z. S. S." has not stated whether the communication sent us is original or selected.

The "Epitome to Miss F." will answer to Coleridge's poem of "Christabel." It is very objectionable, and has neither beginning nor end.

The lines to "C. F. F." will appear shortly.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

INTERESTING LETTER.—No. V.

ROCKY MOUNTAINS, July 14, 1856.

DEAR BACHELOR,—Nothing is despatch to write, and having met with no incident worth notice, for some days past, I have concluded to send you some short sketches of the various Indians,—a nation, perhaps the most numerous, and occupying the most extensive range of country of any tribe in North America. They have no permanent villages, like their neighbors, the Pawnees, Roes, Mandans and Grosventers; nor do they, like them, cultivate the soil, but depend for subsistence almost entirely upon the game, and consequently are obliged to be continually moving about with their leathern lodges from place to place, as their wants or wishes may prompt them.

Their immense numbers rendering unity of purpose and action almost impossible, they are subdivided into tribes, having their distinct chiefs, and distinguished by names of territory, and known by different names: Thus we have the Sioux of St. Peters, on the Mississippi the Sioux of Missouri; the Sioux of the Platte, and Arkansas. The two latter tribes are sometimes at war with each other, but it is generally of short duration. At present they are free and friendly with each other, and with their neighbours, the Mandans and Gros-ventrs.

The Assiniaboines, who occupy the northern portion of Missouri, are broken up and scattered as Kickapoos or Nar-ke-ta. When the white man first visited this country, they were called by their neighbors the Cree Indians, (or Assiniboines, in the Stone Roasters,) which for sake of easier pronunciation, we have slightly changed. They are the poorest of the Sioux bands, having no horses—no property but their Indian wealth.

Nearly all their baggage is transported by dogs, and I have known a 50, 70 or even 100th. to haul the utensils of only three squaws, on a day's march, with no great appearent fatigue. The Assiniaboines, are not, however insensible to the value of horses; for it is no uncommon occurrence to see one of them offer a horse, in the fall season, for half a gallon of whiskey, which he will buy in the following spring, at the rate of thirty Buffalobodies; and in this difference—a conscientious of the difficulty of wintering horses in their cold and inhospitable climate. Their principal trading-post is on the north bank of the Missouri, at Fort Reed, at the American fur company's post at the mouth of Yellow Stone. The former is visited in the summer, where they dispose of buffalo pelts; and the latter in the fall with winter, where their robes, and other articles of a lesary description, find a better market.

I was fortunate enough to witness the remarkable similarity which some of their traditions respecting creation, bear to divine revelation. One of these traditions is, that the Great Spirit, in the formation of things "animate and inanimate," the substance of which I now record for your amusement—and I may as well premise, that as yet, I have not been able to find any other missionary or other instructor amongst them.

The Assiniaboines believe that at a very remote period, the people lived in the earth, in a country of a confused mass. He then made a Fox out of clay, which he sent forth to see if the world was large enough. The Fox returned from the territory and reported it too small. By a sudden concussion, the Great Spirit then made it larger; and again the Fox went forth, but did not return to report, for the reason that he found it was known that the earth was sufficiently capacious. Trees were then made, and when they had grown large enough, a canoe was made of the timber. Every other living thing was made—a male and female of six kind —and all were sent forth, with a command to multiply. It seems the duties of the canoe was done, on the borders of a lake, and amongst the most absurd portion of the creed, is a belief that the Fox was in the canoe, endeavoring to escape from the flood, and that

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA.
Saturday, December 3, 1836.

ATTEMPTED BURGLARY.

A most ingenious and daring attempt at robbery, was made at the store of Messrs. Garnett & Yard, in Second below Arch street, on Wednesday evening last. The manner in which it was defeated reflects great credit on the activity and efficiency of our police. It appears that the suspicion of the firm was first aroused, by the abduction of a large dog, that was usually kept in the store at night. Information of this fact having been communicated at the police offices, Mr. Blaney and another officer proceeded on Tuesday evening to the store at the usual time of closing, and stationed themselves in the counting room. An ineffectual attempt to open the door was made about six o'clock in the evening. The same preparations were renewed the succeeding evening. The burglars, three in number came about the same hour, and after the abduction of a large dog, that was usually kept in the store at night. Information of this fact having been communicated at the police offices, Mr. Blaney and another officer proceeded on Tuesday evening to the store at the usual time of closing, and stationed themselves in the counting room. An ineffectual attempt to open the door was made about six o'clock in the evening. The same preparations were renewed the succeeding evening. The burglars, three in number came about the same hour, and after some ineffectual efforts to force the door, succeeded in opening it with false keys, and commenced filling several large packs, with "the spoils of victory." They were allowed to proceed, until one of them observed that he had filled his pack, and stepped back in a wagon that was in waiting. He advanced to the door, when the officers sprang from their concealment and secured him. The two others not admiring the changed aspect of affairs, took to their heels. They were captured after a brief but spirited chase, through the Mayor's alley. The result of

His Imprisonment.

The names of the rogues caught are, Samuel Hall, James Gale, and John Hoffman.

LAUREL HILL CEMETERY.

Availing ourselves of the first fine days, which yet continue to diversify the approach of severe winter, with the semblance of spring, we proceeded to take a stroll in the direction of the burial ground at Laurel Hill, situated about two miles to the north of the city. It was not without an emotion of solemn awe, that we behold that place, which, but a few years since, was the sounds of gaiety and dissipation alone were heard, now converted into a place of repose for the quiet and unconscious dead. The contemplations is striking. Instead of the gay, and inspiring beats of this once fashionable retreat, there remain only the sounds of quiet grave sigh. In place of the joyous sound of the merry mirth oftimes greeted the ear from its precincts, the notes of a few wild birds, and the sighing of the "Balmy breeze," alone break the gloomy silence. The black hearse with all the sculptured pageantry of woe' now slowly as to the path, where in former times, the fleet from the flashing wheels of innumerable brilliant equipages. It is a strange emotion of the inconsistency of human nature, and a solemn and impressive, though silent lesson.

We may be a curious subject of contemplation effect for a future age, to know the several purposes which are observed by the inhabitants of different countries, in paying the last earthly service to the remains of their departed beings. The variety of the sacred writers has led us to believe that the practice of inhumation, as generally used at the present day, is the most and primitive. We are not however without the disposal of the dead, between the earlier and the present era, are almost as diversified their modes of burial as the countries that have over the living. Among the Greeks and Romans, the body was submitted to the action of fire, being first washed, and then placed on the funeral pile, and the ashes collected in an urn, and then interred. The Persians, on the contrary, to the earth, and left to be devoured by the birds of prey. The Egyptians practised the embalming the dead known to our readers. It seems almost to look over the immutable laws of nature, the preservation of the departed through ages. The means of doing this are known to all the world, together with the curious details of a late Italian chemist, who it is asserted, has realized the perfect change into the nature of stone, the human frame.

Mummification of having vaults for the dead took from the Egyptians. The body when by it permitted them, the demonstrations of the death of a relative that we find recorded in the Scriptures—the tearing of the hair and the mutual lacerating themselves with

This forms a strange contrast to the Christian inspiration, which forbids any such sign of sorrow as contrary to the spirit which they should yield to the expressed will of Almighty.

Funerals are doubtless aware of the many practised in Ireland, and in some of the Highlands of Scotland. This cumbelling grief by means of music, dancing. The first of these is the wake, or watching of the body previous to interment. The second is the funeral procession, which is the desire of substituting a more solemn and impressive character for that of the immediate cause of grief.

We need not say, that in connection with this subject, we may observe the same inconsistency in our own, as in most other countries, that the hair of the deceased is given as a token to the person who lays out the body.

We have also noticed the great tenacious of the ancient and large sums are frequently offered by those, who are desirous of retaining the locks of a friend or relative.

To occupy a volume, we should give a detail of all the ceremonies with which we unfortunately have accompanied the dead—but we hope that the day is not far distant, when all of more enlightened opinions have nothing of these as useless and superfluous of those to us at the present day.

We remembered that the Van Buren party in the State of Maryland recently returned into the administration of that State by the majority of the town, to the great satisfaction of the Democratic Catholic party

A man was lately in Wednesday, and Democrat asked when taken into cus-

down a hundred and

nationalment: but if he could only knock- number 175. The gen- waiter, who al- is absconding, about- in himself but there's ing and water, jump-

ask the least ? *Ridi-*

GOVERNMENT AND RELIGION.

There is nothing more common at present, than to hear speculations, as to the improbability of the continuance of our government for a few brief years. Many, very many, you will hear openly declare their doubts, and predict that another generation will behold our republic lie numbered with those of Rome and others, that have heretofore existed, but exist no longer. It is a melancholy reflection, to contemplate the uncertain and precarious state and destruction of the noble fabric, that was reared after so much blood and toil, and suffering, and which has great Architects who fancied, regarded as such a master-piece—as the perfection of a model! Such doubts too, are unprofitable. It forbids that attachment—*that inner patria*, that is necessary to make good citizens and good patriots.

That government, that is not only ours, but is to be our children's, and our children's children, that we have enjoyed prosperity, it is natural to suppose we should feel an attachment for—with an "adoption tried"—that we would not extend to it such a blind love as would be regarded by one of closing, and stationed themselves in the by day—a mere temporary expedient, which is soon to give place to other forms and systems. The Statesmen too, to whose care and oversight is committed the operation of the system, the administration of the government, and the greater perfectibility of the laws and institutions of the country, are looked upon in the same way. "Why, reasons he to himself, should I toil and waste my health and strength to improve a government, that is doomed to perish—and adorn what none seem to consider as capable of ornament? Why should I seek for Fame, by originating important measures, by improving the Laws, the Condition of the Army, the Navy, or Commerce, or Agriculture, or National Literature, when the very archives that contain my name, are destined to be buried in the rubbish of time? Why should I labor to establish a system, that is not to be of any permanency, when I know that in a few years, the notes of a few wild birds, and the sighing of the "Balmy breeze," alone break the gloomy silence. The black hearse with all the sculptured pageantry of woe' now slowly as to the path, where in former times, the fleet from the flashing wheels of innumerable brilliant equipages. It is a strange emotion of the inconsistency of human nature, and a solemn and impressive, though silent lesson.

We may be a curious subject of contemplation effect for a future age, to know the several purposes which are observed by the inhabitants of different countries, in paying the last earthly service to the remains of their departed beings. The variety of the sacred writers has led us to believe that the practice of inhumation, as generally used at the present day, is the most and primitive. We are not however without the disposal of the dead, between the earlier and the present era, are almost as diversified their modes of burial as the countries that have over the living. Among the Greeks and Romans, the body was submitted to the action of fire, being first washed, and then placed on the funeral pile, and the ashes collected in an urn, and then interred. The Persians, on the contrary, to the earth, and left to be devoured by the birds of prey. The Egyptians practised the embalming the dead known to our readers. It seems almost to look over the immutable laws of nature, the preservation of the departed through ages. The means of doing this are known to all the world, together with the curious details of a late Italian chemist, who it is asserted, has realized the perfect change into the nature of stone, the human frame.

Mummification of having vaults for the dead took from the Egyptians. The body when by it permitted them, the demonstrations of the death of a relative that we find recorded in the Scriptures—the tearing of the hair and the mutual lacerating themselves with

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We need not say, that in connection with this subject, we may observe the same inconsistency in our own, as in most other countries, that the hair of the deceased is given as a token to the person who lays out the body.

We have also noticed the great tenacious of the ancient and large sums are frequently offered by those, who are desirous of retaining the locks of a friend or relative.

To occupy a volume, we should give a detail of all the ceremonies with which we unfortunately have accompanied the dead—but we hope that the day is not far distant, when all of more enlightened opinions have nothing of these as useless and superfluous of those to us at the present day.

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nationalment: but if he could only knock- number 175. The gen- waiter, who al- is absconding, about- in himself but there's ing and water, jump-

ask the least ? *Ridi-*

DREADFUL DISASTER IN CALCUTTA.

An arrival at Boston has brought Calcutta papers to the 18th June. The following is the most important intelligence:

During a severe storm on Sunday evening, the lightning struck the Magazine at Dum Dum, exploding sixty barrels of Gunpowder, and causing infinite damage and loss of life. When the lightning fell on the Magazine, it took up the building from the foundation to a depth of ten feet in the place, and both its horses struck dead, the throws about a quarter of a mile on all four sides. The Gunpowder was not to be heard of, and himself, while in the act of running away, was badly wounded on the cheek bone and arm. A lady who was in the carriage was not hurt. The following are the casualties and accidents as far as we have been able to ascertain. Nearly all the native sentries posted in the Magazine and its vicinity. Some, it is stated, died by lightning. Bowanna Sing, wounded by lightning in the right knee and arm. Hingha Khan, wounded by lightning in the right leg by the falling of the bricks. Ang Khan, Hingha Khan, private, struck by a brick on the mouth, wounded on the left leg. Gunjoo Sing, private, stationed near the church, was struck on the knee by a brick. Pancheo Havildar, slightly wounded on the head by a brick. Gunjoo Sing, wounded on the right arm and forehead. A Havildar, wounded: the left leg fractured by a splinter, (Mr. Scott the hospital steward); wounded on the left knee and right arm. Two horses killed by lightning.

NEW YORK CITY NEWS.

The following is from the New York Express:

"The state of Domestic Exchanges is a subject that excites great attention at this time—the Banks, which are formed on the basis of the Public Deposites, and of whom it was expected to be the agents of the Bank of the Government, they would equalise Exchanges, are now utterly unable to accomplish the grand object. Exchanges on Mobile, New Orleans, Charleston, Savannah, and the whole coast of the United States Bank, were one per cent, and under, are now from 5 to 7, and even 8 per cent discount—and the Bills of the Bank of Pennsylvania, the Bank of the United States Bank, is at probable they will be, the State of New York will be the bulk of the United States Bank, whose business should be confined to Domestic Exchange alone, and who should be responsible for the Bills of the Bank of the United States—that rule would be abundantly sufficient to enable Bank to cover all the Exchanges of the country.

"We have news that the tide has flowed in the North River above Hudson—that is unusually early, and should the river close so that the Towboat cannot reach Albany, the Bills of the Bank, consequence, an immense amount of property, will be thrown back upon the City Banks, and they will be compelled to suspend.

"Our Banks should observe that the Morris Canal is now completed to Jersey City; that Goods can be forwarded to Newark, which has been so long protracted, in fourteen hours, and the produce that will be transported, the important Bills of the Bank of the United States, derived from the mines.

The Erie Canal is close, as is also the Delaware and Hudson, and the Delaware and Raritan.

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT—Nov. 22.

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William K. Hoyt, vs. the Rev. Jacob Gumm and Maria Monk.

This was a case growing out of a Bill in Chancery which the plaintiff filed against the defendant and others, relative to the copyright of a book entitled "Awful Disclosures." On Monday week a writ of *se cecad* was issued by the Court to the Sheriff of Philadelphia, at the suit of the plaintiff, who had filed an affidavit stating that he believed that the Rev. Jacob Gumm and Maria Monk were about to depart from the city, and go out of the jurisdiction of the U. States, which would cause and injury of the plaintiff, to the amount of $10,000. The writ was given to the Sheriff to be executed. The writ is executed, and he arrested Mr. Slocum on Tuesday morning just as he was going on board a steamboat, which was to put him on board a ship ready to sail for England. Maria Monk was not with him. Mr. Hazelhurst, Deputy Marshal of the U. States Marshal's office, and them went to Slocum's residence, and gathered up all the Slocum's home, in duplicate and having no apartment of sufficient size to hold the Court, Mr. Rapelye took her into custody and brought her to the Court House.

Counsel for the defendant, Mr. Patten, now made a motion to have the writ quashed, on the grounds that Mr. Slocum was going to England for a few months, on business, and would then return to this city, and that Maria Monk was not going to accompany him, or leave the State, and that Mr. Slocum had given bail in the sum of $6000 security for the faithful discharge of his duty regarding Maria Monk.

The court refused the motion, on the ground that the plaintiff had not been given notice of it, but allowed an immediate notice of a motion to be served on him. In about an hour after, counsel for the defendant appeared in court, and said he had served the necessary notice on the plaintiff's counsel, and again renewed the motion to dismiss the writ.

The counsel refused to grant the motion without taking further time to consider it; but before the matter was finally decided by the court, counsel appeared on the part of the plaintiff, and stated that bail should be taken for the appearance of Maria Monk in the sum of $2000, on the general bail to answer the issue of the pending suit. The defendants were then liberated.

Nothing can be more admirable for imitation than the English cottage style of building, as it is perfectly adapted to our climate, and in place in keeping with our taste in ornamental gardening; and we would earnestly recommend to our architects to import plans and elevations of these tasteful edifices, to substitute the true style of domestic architecture, for the abortive temples and piles among us the abortive temples and pala-

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Giafar Al Barmek—Two vols.—The author has chosen to embody the relation of this tale, under the character of a Mahomedan historian. The style is well maintained, and in many instances, we are reminded of the beautiful episodes contained in Dr. Johnson's well known work, the Rambler. The story on which the novel is founded, is in itself strictly historical, and the deep and tragic interest which it inspires, is increased by the manner of the narration. We should have deemed the narrative, and many passages connected with it, of too altogether improbable, had we not, on examining the historical record, referred to in the preface, perceived that every thing that was here accurately adhered to the relation there given.

Greatly as we admire the excellence of this work, as a specimen of historical fiction, yet it is not altogether on that account that we recommend it to our readers. Besides the insight it gives into the character and national habits of the people, wherein the scene is laid, the beautiful and abstract moral reflections which it contains, would by their own intrinsic merit, well entitle it to a perusal.

With regard to extension, the work is well bound, well printed, and on good paper. We cannot gather any information from the brief and public notices, that have come to our notice of the author. If it be his first work, we sincerely hope it will not be the last.

The Priors of Prague—Dick's Essay.—Pleasures and Patriotism, have been received but not examined sufficiently to compel us to defer the notice until next week.

DEATH OF THE HON. JOHN RANDOLPH.

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THEATRICALS.

Chesnut street.—The house has been crowded every evening this week by the attention of the public to the performances. We presume all our city readers, either have seen, or intend to see this splendid ballet, we will not confirm their judgment of excellence or being gratified.

Burton's Popolino, on Tuesday evening, was irresistibly droll. His countenance is the mirror of comedy.

Ellen Tree is in New York. We have not heard of any arrangement for her appearance in this city.

Mr. Wemyss's benefit took place on Monday evening, on which occasion the "Maid of Cashmere," and two new pieces were brought forward. The first of these is a humorous farce, called "The Maker Maker Maker Maker." The latter, proved to be a melo drama, called "The Voice of Silence." The plot represents the evils arising from secret and marriage, crime and comicalities, &c. Comer performs his part with a great deal of judgment, and very little extravagance. We take pleasure in witnessing the improvement of Miss Ormsbee, and A Mr. Clarke performed one of the principal characters, with great applause. Hadaway performed his part well. Mr. Wemyss, for the entertainment of the evening, sang several songs which at once bold and original. Every had the merits of his performance been less, we should not have required to award him the credit he deserves for attempting to strike out a new path in place of copying from others.

The "Green Mountain Peculiar" was repeated on Tuesday evening. We have already expressed our opinion in regard to its adaptation to the stage, and we pay a high compliment to the merits of the performance, in stating that it meets with increased applause.

We learn that the manager has engaged the celebrated Mrs. Chapman, husband, Mr. Chapman, and her husband, for the performance of Tasso and Talfourd's celebrated tragedy of "Ion." The Pizzarello pentalcish speak highly of this production, as it contains one personage not to be balanced by the attraction of these well known performers. We do not doubt that the public will support the manager in the effort to please.

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RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Nov. 25, received from
S. H. Rowe, 5 00
Jos. A. Morris, 5 00
James H. Baker, 2 00
Philip Gee dec'd, 5 00
Rasin & Jennings, 5 00

November 26.
M. J. Buckner, 17 00
Thos. Gibbons, 5 00
Alan. Hemer, Esq. 5 00
Wm. H. Hatch, 5 00
Aden Peters, 10 00
G. S. Page, 5 00
Hubbard B. Taylor, 5 00
Wm. Bowden, 5 00
Jno. Hall, Esq. 5 00
Horace Kinney, Esq. 5 00

November 28.
George Sprague, 2 00
Thos. Newcomb, 10 00
C. B. Lovell, 2 00
Wm. H. Hatch, 5 00
Thos. Roberts, Esq. 5 00
J. J. Greenough, Esq. 5 00

November 29.
Alexander Brown, 5 00
John E. Price, Esq. 2 00

Wm. Spencer, Esq. 5 00
Wm. W. Anderson, 5 00
Philadelphia Bank,

J. B. Reeves, Esq. 5 00
H. Haywood, Esq. 5 00
J. T. S. Brown, Esq. 5 00
A. G. Hodges, Esq. 5 00
A. Hitchcock, 1 00

December 1.
A. T. Stone, Esq. 5 00
Wm. Hodgson, 5 00
Duncan McDonald, 2 00
Meriel Merrick, 5 00
Wm. A. Farrer, 50 00
Charles Paley, 3 00

SALES OF STOCKS.

This week at the Stock and Exch. Board of Brokers.

In the Circuit Court, before Judge Edwards.

One Walgrove, a black and pump maker in Darling Buy, brought a bill of divorce against his wife, Mary, and brought up witnesses to prove infidelity, but though the vilest means were used to blacken the character of the complainant's wife, the jury unanimously returned a verdict in favor of the wife and the foreman of the jury said it was the particular request of himself and twelve jurymen, that it should be stated publicly, that the verdict was unanimous, and that they one and all considered the conduct of the plaintiff as a black hearted one, and that they considered the defendant, with purchased existence, the slander and fame of his wife, the persecuted defendant.—*New York Star.*

Lady King.—It appears from the following extract of a letter, received at New-York by the William Penn, that we are to have the somewhat celebrated visitor in the course of a few months:

"Lord and Lady King (late Miss Ada Byron) are living at Ockham, near to Ripley, where she will remain until the opening of spring. They purpose to remain some years in America, and their friends will ensure them a most favorable reception in society. She is a sweet creature, quite unlike her father, but her father's bones. Lady Byron, it is said, will accompany them. I believe that she is quite a lion in society, and her students, several of the high families, whose genealogical trees flourish more, greedily than their mother's. The milk of human kindness is a heretofore of the continent, and the interesting daughter of the Trollope tourist will no more than ass dread of the voyage, to deter them from the same.—*Traveller.*

Ada Byron and Lord King.—The "sole daughter of the house and heart" of Byron, is a lady apparently about twenty-of middle height, and of all her rather more confident and marked than is common to English ladies so decided a character. Her forehead is not remarkable, almost exactly, Bartolozi's bust of her in store at Albany and Mr. Power's copy of that bust and less Napoleanesque in its formation. Her teeth are regular and white, and her mouth, though small, and expressive, is not so feminine than is usually thought attractive. She is very fond of riding in her carriage, and is one of the most quiet part of the room attended by the Countess of Lovelace. Count Wall is also here, who are her inseparable friends. With great plainness of dress, and uncommon simplicity of manner, she has the easy self-possession and the nameless style which belongs, as if from the effects of imitation, exclusively to the higher ranks of English society, and it would be difficult to believe that she could be the object of casual observer, be mistaken for a common one. She is not known.

It is generally understood that she has a fixed aversion to poetry, and is fond of mathematics. She is thinking of her father's fame, and professes to know nothing of his productions. A gentleman who had been on the habit of meeting with her for some time, a visitor to the same room, observed to her, on one occasion, "I say, she said, "I am sorry you are going, for you are the only stranger who has been introduced to me for a long time who has not asked me the one disagreeable subject."

Ada Byron has married Lord King—one of the most cultivated and superior young noblemen of England. He was long distinguished for some dislike taken to him by the old lord, his father, and in the difficult circumstances connected with his paternal displeasure, he acquired a knowledge of science and human nature, usually denied to men of his elevated rank. She is the intimate friend of Davidson, the traveller, and mathematical and philosophical studies are with every way a most estimable character. In the society of one so much a man of the world, it is to be hoped that Ada Byron will unlearn the prejudices of her father, and consent to read and appreciate her own immortal inheritance.

DYING RICH.

In the expedition which sailed in the year, 1805, under Sir Home Popham, with a view of the conquest of the South American Spanish colonies to throw off their allegiance and declare their independence it happened that in nearing the Island of Ferdenando Noronha, about one hundred leagues from the coast of Brazil, one of the ships struck upon a shoal, some of them were wrecked, and others scrambled off. The school consisted of a number of rocks facing the northward, behind which was a bank of hard sand, just above the water, and the two ships which were lost went stem on to the rocks. The battery transported was cut to pieces; but the Britania, a fine powerful ship, built of teak, held together long enough to allow all spinners to be put on the bank of hard sand, ships, that had taken the alarm, and bore to—a most serious circumstances occurred in the loss of these ships which I think worth relating. The first officer, who, as I said before, was left on board below on the rocks, and bowsprit and jib boom projecting over the rock, on the sand. Among the officers, artillery men, was a young subaltern, made their way, and dropped safely on the hard sand.

Among the last was Col. York, who commanded the artillery employed, and who, as I said before, through trepidation he dropped into sand, and reached the edge of the rock, and stood among the officers on the ship. He had loaded his pockets with money, which carried him under water, and he was one of the more severe, being the only person lost from the ship. The Britania made its passage to England safely, and the survivors were moved, it was thought that part of the contents of the apartments may be brought on shore. The general form of a dwelling house in the city is, in most cases, of less importance than in the country. Apartments may be thought of, and are often, from the form of the land, depressing and unmeaning.

There is one kind of ornament which might be introduced with good effect in our city and long-houses, which are generally so plain as to be unworthy of the eye; we mean the appropriate ornament of the roof. We have a very few, once above them, and a mumbling extending sometimes from their eaves to the chimneys, very greatly to relieve the pl

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

TO MISS C. A. S.

Designed for a Watch Paper.

A watch may represent the mind of man,
And well assure him that his life's a span;
His reas'ning powers the active balance shows,
Thoughts are the hands, declaring how it goes;
Conscience, the regulator, sets it right:
The chain, *Reflection*, wound up every night,
With *self-examination*, as the key,
The figur'd dial-plate thy *heart* may be.
Thy *words* and *actions* best its goodness prove,
And every wheel should by *religion* move. C. B. B.

"I know you of old," said one; you had to run away from your country to save your neck!" "What of that!" was the reply; "you couldn't have done it *if the rope hadn't broke*!"

An epicure, while eating oysters, swallowed one that was not fresh. "Zounds, waiter!" he ejaculated, making a wry face, "what sort of an oyster do you call this?" "A native, sir," replied the wielder of the knife. "A native! I call it a settler. You need not open any more. What's to pay?"

A Polishing Sultan.—"The present Emperor of the Turks," says a discriminating traveller, "patronizes Warren's Blacking!" In that case, observed an amateur, he is literally a polishing Sultan, for nothing like the unparalleled jet, as an auxiliary of the imperial improved can illumine the understandings of his subjects.

We are told that when Antipater demanded of the Lacedamonians fifty of their children as hostages, they replied, that they would rather surrender 50 of the most eminent men in the state whose principles were already formed than children to whom the want of early instruction would be a loss altogether irreparable.

An itinerant showman in London lately brought an action against a contractor of a railway for detention. In noticing his expenses a charge of 30s. a week for an orator was made. "What's that," asked the magistrate. "Vy, please your vorship, he is vat you calls an horator—he axes the people to valk up, and see the vally of their money; he is a capital one too, I tells your vorship, and is dog cheap at 30 bob."

One of the rooms in the basement story of the Mariner's Church in Portland, Me. has been rented and is used as a grog shop. This is strange indeed; a house erected for the worship of God devoted in part to the worship of Bacchus.

'There's a *spirit below* and a *spirit above*,
A spirit of *woe*, and a spirit of *love*;
The spirit *above* is a spirit *divine*,
But the spirit *below* is the *spirit of wine*.
(*Eastern paper.*

An eccentric was used to say that it was not wicked to lie, swear, cheat and steal, and that he could prove it from scripture. Thus it was not wicked to lie in bed; to swear to the truth; to cheat the devil, or to steal from bad company.

The "Lamentations" of Jeremiah are written with the exception of the last chapter, in acrostic verse; that is to say, every line or couplet begins, in alphabetical order, with some letter in the Hebrew alphabet. In the third chapter each letter it repeated three times successively.

As a proof of the impartiality with which justice is administered in England to offenders against the laws, we notice that, a few weeks since, the Lord Mayor of London was fined two pounds, by one of the police magistrates, for allowing two casks to encumber the foot-path in front of his house for a short time.

A client once burst into a flood of tears after he had heard the statement of his case by his counsel, exclaiming. "My lord, my lord, I did not think I suffered half so much till I heard it this day."

The book of Judith was originally written in Chaldee, and thence translated into Latin, by St. Jerome. There are several particulars in our English version, which are not to be found in St. Jerome's, and which seem to be those readings which he professes to omit, as vicious corruptions.

A Good retort.—During the war between England and Spain, in the time of Elizabeth, commissioners on both sides were appointed to treat of peace. The Spanish commissioners proposed that the negociations should be carried on in the French tongue, observing sarcastically, that the gentleman of England could not be ignorant of their fellow subjects, their queen being queen of France as well as England. "Nay, in faith, gentlemen," replied Dr. Dale, one of the English commissioners, "the French is too vulgar for a business of this importance; we will, therefore, if you please, rather treat in Hebrew, the language of Jerusalem, and of which your master calls himself king, and of which you must of course be as well skilled as we are in French."

A Chinese jest. Ming Yang, one of the judges in the shades below, sent up an imp to this world of light, to fetch him a doctor of repute and skill. 'When,' says he, 'you come to a doctor, before whose house there is no complaining ghost, that is the man.'

The imp takes the charge, and up he ascends to the regions of light. Every doctor's house he passed, had lots of injured ghosts thronging about, wailing and complaining of their wrongs. At last he comes to a house where he sees only one ghost flitting about the door.

"This is my man,' says he, 'this must be a successful practitioner.' The answer to his inquiry was—

"Sir, the gentleman set up business but yesterday."

Anecdote.—In a seaport town in Massachusetts, measures were taken by members of a religious congregation, some thirty years since, to introduce a violin into the choir, for the improvement of the music. This was an innovation that savored too much of the theatre, to meet the approbation of the elderly members of the parish, and it was opposed by the most influential deacon. In spite of opposition, however, it was sanctioned by a vote of the majority, and the violin was introduced into the choir. The good deacon, on the first Sabbath of its appearance, took his seat as usual, where he sat with becoming gravity: until the first sound of the worldly instrument was heard, and then he arose, and advanced to the outside of the pew, with all the gravity of a French dancing master, danced a regular hornpipe down the broad aisle, and took leave of the astonished congregation by dancing out of the house.

A young lady of Marseilles lately brought an action against the Sieur L—— for unhandsome usage on his part. The day of judgment approached—the court was crowded—and a very *fair* proportion consisted of that sex justly immortalized by Milton, as 'Heaven's last best work.' The usual questions were proposed to the pretty plaintiff by the President. 'Quel age avez-vous?'—'Dix-neuf ans, Monsieur.' 'You mistake, Mademoiselle,' interrupted her counsellor, 'you are of age.' The lady, however, persisted that she was a minor; and in spite of the earnest appeals of her advocate, still adhered to 'dix-neuf ans.' Nothing could induce the fascinating descendant of Eve to pass the rubicon of nineteen years; and there being no proof before the court to the contrary, the complaint against the Sieur L. was dismissed, and the 'young lady' in her teens condemned to pay the costs. Registerial report has since proved, that the beautiful maid had attained the discreet age of twenty-five.

Origin of Day and Martin's Blacking.—Mr. Day was a hair dresser in a humble way, and was then as now he is, beneficent and charitable in the extreme. One day a soldier entered his shop and stated that he had just landed from an expedition, and had a long march before him to reach his regiment; that his money was gone, and nothing but sickness, fatigue and punishment awaited him, unless he could get a lift on a coach. The worthy barber presented him with a guinea, when the grateful soldier exclaimed. "God bless you, sir—how can I ever repay this? I have nothing in this world, except,—pulling a dirty piece of paper out of his pocket—" a receipt for making blacking; it is the best ever was seen; many a half guinea have I had for it from the officers, and many bottles have I sold; may you be able to get something for it to repay this you have given to the poor soldier—your kindness I can neither repay or forget." Mr. Day, who was a shrewd man, inquired into the truth of the story, tried the blacking, and finding it to be good, commenced the sale of it, and realised the fortune he now possesses; but we believe no one can say that he ever deceived or wronged a human being; and his charities, particularly the alms-houses near Edgeworth, will make him for ages to come, what he certainly always has been, a *shining character*, and a lesson to this and future generations of what industry can do in this wealthy and happy country, from the smallest beginnings.—*Oracle of Health.*

A QUEER CUSTOMER.

"It is most amusing," said Richard Mervyn, as he relinquished the attempt to rise from the gutter at the corner of —— and —— streets—"It is really astonishing how soon this dreadful climate of America brings on old age. I shall never survive to get home and write a book about the place—never. Here I am, six feet two, without my stockings, sprawling in a dirty, republican gutter, without being able to help myself out of it. There's a lamp winking and blinking in my face, as if it wants to laugh, and would if it had a mouth, and a big brute of a dog just now nosed me to see whether I was good to eat. What a country!—what gutters! and what liquor! I only took nine smallers of whiskey, and what with that and the premature old age, I verily believe I'm assassinated—I'm a gone chicken!"

Mr. Mervyn now clamored so loudly that assistance soon came.

"Silence there! what's the matter?"

"Matter yourself—I'm being done, or, as some people say, I'm doing. The march of mind has tripped, and Richard Mervyn is too deep for himself. Help me out—gently—there. Aint I in a very pretty pickle? This is what the doctors call *gutta serena*, is'nt it?"

"When I was at school, the boys would have called you a guttural."

"They would'nt have known much grammar, if they did. I'm a liquid—see me drip."

"Oh! ho!" said the watch, "don't try to be funny; I know you well enough, now you've wiped your face. You're the chap that locked me up in my box once, and when I burst open the door, you knocked me heels over head, and legged it."

"That's me. I did that thing. How do you like the ups and downs of public life? Is'nt variety charming?"

"If it was'nt that I'm a public functionary, and mus'nt give way to my feelings, I'd crack your cocoa, and ease my mind by doing as I was done by. I'll make an example of you, however.—You're my prisoner. *Hally coosha* to the watch'us. That's the Dutch for being tuck up."

"Well, give us your arm. Don't be afraid of the mud. Gutter mud is very wholesome. Look at the pigs, how fat it makes 'em; and if you like fat pork, why should'nt you like what makes pork fat? So—so—steady. Now I'll tell you all about t'other night. I was passing your box in a friendly, promiscuous sort of a way, I thought you were asleep, or had run down, and I turned the key to wind you up. If a watch aint wound up, it can't either keep good time, or even go."

"Well, what else?

"Why, then I watched the box, and when you came out, I boxed the watch. That's all. It grew out of my obliging disposition."

"Ha! very obliging. Now it's my turn to wind you up, and, to do it in the same way, I'll take you before the watch-maker, to be cleaned and regulated. You go too fast, but I'll put a spoke in your wheel; he'll set you by the State House, and make you keep good time."

"Why, watchy, you're a wag. Why don't you say that I was a horizontal, and that you lifted me up like a patent lever? You're awake now; but that night you was'nt up to trap, or you would have caught me. I caught a weasel asleep that time—I put fresh salt on you for once."

To add one more to his vagaries, Mervyn now refused to walk a step further; and sitting down on a step, loudly avowed his resolution, declared his name was not Walker.

"Whether your name is Walker or not, you must go."

"Not without a go-cart—you can't force me to go—I'm a legal tender, and you must take me. Hav'nt I got an office, or at least a public situation, here on the steps, Mr. Charley Brattlestraps? If I must go, it shall be on the yankee principle of rotation; bring me a wheelbarrow. Reform me out regularly."

Persuasion being useless, the officer procured assistance and a wheelbarrow, in which Mervyn was placed. Away they went.

"So we go," said Mervyn. "Charley's making a barrow-night of me. Gentle over the stones! I don't like bumpers except when I get them of porter. This is the way to Wheeling—hurra! cart before the horse!"

When arrived at the watch-house, Mervyn insisted upon being wheeled up stairs, and styled the place a *barrow*-nial castle.

"I'm a modest man," said he, "and no stairer. If I can't have a ride up, I think myself entitled to draw back"—

So saying, he attempted to escape, but not being so nimble with his feet as with his tongue, he was soon caught and lugged back, being, as he said, like Goldsmiths' work, beautifully chased. Willing hands make short work, and in consequence, the unsavory punster was soon carried up aloft, and next morning, sober and penitent, paid his tipsey fine and his carriage hire with a doleful countenance.—*Philad'a Sportsman.*

Anecdote.—During the late volunteering excitement in the cause of Texas, in Tennessee, where every fellow that was seen with a paper in his hand soliciting subscriptions thereto was taken for a recruiting officer, Mr. J. J. an agent procuring subscribers to a proposed new edition of the Statutes of that State, was at the village of ——, during the sitting of the county court—where was assembled a goodly number of the natives. The faithful agent, making good use of the occasion was very busily engaged, presenting his prospectus to the honest citizens, when he came in contact with Mr. ——, a very consequential gentleman, who took the paper with an air that led the agent to suppose he had found the presiding justice of the court, casting his eyes over it, moving his lips the while as though he were devouring the contents with alacrity. When he had finished, the anxious agent brightening up in the confidence of adding so influential a name to his list—steps forward—observing at the same time "Thats the work we need." When our hero summoning all his martial feelings, and assuming a position that would have graced a militia captain, replied "I are rather of the 'pinion cap'n that these Texicans have clar'd Independence too soon or I'd jine ye at the crack of a whip."

Horrible Fratricide.—The remains of Mr. William Magrath, late of Castle Hyde, near New Ross, arrived for interment in that town. The melancholy fate of this young man has caused an unusual sensation. His body was found in the river Barrow, between Bagnal's-town and the Royal Oak; from the state of which at the time, it was difficult to identify it. Yet it was evident he had been murdered, and then thrown into the river. A coroner's inquest was held, and a verdict had of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown. Subsequent circumstances, however, led to the arrest of his elder brother, and two others, on suspicion of being connected in this brutal deed; an investigation was gone into when Wm. Magrath, with the two others, named Aylward (father and son,) were committed to Carlow to take their trial. It seems there had been constant bickerings between William Magrath and his brother since the death of their father, connected with the property at Castle Hyde, the younger brother having possession, the elder having received his portion previous to his father's death. William, the elder brother, came some time since to Castle Hyde, and seemed on good terms with the deceased. On the Saturday previous to the murder a letter arrived by the youngest of the Aylwards above alluded to, purporting to be from a young woman who lives near Bagnal's-town, and to whom the deceased had been paying his addresses, requesting him to come up, as she intended going off with him, and getting married to him, and that if so, he would be sure of her fortune, 200*l*. The deceased set off with the messenger, and waited about Bagnal's-town, expecting to meet the young woman. In the mean time the brother hastened after his victim, and met him in company with the two Aylwards, and a man named Gaul. The deceased had something to drink with them, after which he was told by Aylward that the young woman would see him at a lonely spot on the Barrow, where he repaired, and was there murdered; his own brother first knocking him down, and strangling him with a handkerchief, while one of the hired assassins held his legs, and the other hammered him with stones on the head. They were above ten minutes despatching their victim, when they carried his mangled corpse and threw it into a deep part of the river, where it remained covered with sedge and weeds, till it was discovered by some country people. One of the wretches, Aylward, has turned approver. After the murder the fratricide came to Castle Hyde, and reported that his brother, the deceased, had given up the care of the place, as he had gone to the north to get married, and would not be home for some time.—*Waterford Chronicle.*

Queen Christina.—A letter from a traveller, given by the Augsburg Gazette, contains the following passage:—"I had yesterday the honour of being admitted to the levee of Queen Christina. She is certainly one of the finest women in existence, and strange to say, has not the slightest resemblance to her sister, the Duchess of Berry. Her form is both graceful and voluptuous. She speaks with great fluency, and her conversation is replete with sense and wit. The Spaniards are fully justified in boasting that their Queen is incomparable; for, in fact, as a woman, she has caused more hearts to beat and turned more heads than any other in Europe. It is well known that M. Martinez de la Rosa was deeply in love with her, and when he could not approach the steps of her throne, sent her plaintive poems, which hold a much higher rank in literature than his ministerial measures have attained in politics. The fall of Mendizabal can only be attributed to the violent passion he conceived for his sovereign, and his inability to conceal it. Munoz continues to be major-domo, but has no influence in the government. He is a fine man, but rather too corpulent, and has neither dignity nor grandeur in his deportment."

A COMFORTABLE COUPLE.

[illegible]

DISCONTENT.

[illegible]

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

[illegible]

THE RURAL ECONOMIST.

[illegible]

Strong Inducement.

[illegible]

Brandreth's Vegetable Pills.

[illegible]

Valuable Property for Sale.

[illegible]

Fall Fashions.

[illegible]

A Farm to Rent.

[illegible]

The Western Dry Goods Store.

[illegible]

JEWELLERY.

[illegible]

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS

[illegible]